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The Week

NON-PARTISAN political observers in London are agreed in declaring it difficult to distinguish and to explain just what the English election is about. The coalition is dissolved but the party which dissolved it has not succeeded, as the result of its assertion of independence, in developing a new policy of its own. Its program follows the general lines that the Lloyd George ministry laid out, the only difference being that, while Lloyd George posed as an active and enterprising leader, Mr. Bonar Law frankly adopts an attitude of negation and drift. The former Prime Minister criticises the conservatives for being negative, but they are only following the example set by his acts if not by his words. On the other hand the two middle parties, viz., the so-called national and the Asquith liberals, do not present a positive alternative to the conservatives. Their program is also negative. They exist less for the purpose of governing the country than of being coalesced into a government. The only group with a positive program which presents a genuine alternative to a conservative government is the Labor party. But the Labor party confines itself to putting up a theoretical rather than a practical alternative. Its leaders do not wish to take over the government for the present. They do not feel qualified to assume the responsibility. They are only too willing to let the parties of the middle class struggle with the accumulation of difficulties into which its standards and behavior have involved the nation. They constitute an Opposition which prefers to criticise rather than to govern.

NOTHWITHSTANDING many conspicuous but superficial differences, the psychology of British politics is fundamentally similar to the psychology of American politics. Public opinion among the classes which hitherto have dominated the governments of both countries is uneasy about the future, sceptical about its class convictions and power, and wholly incompetent to deal constructively with the ominous problems which the actual operation of capitalistic nationalism has brought to the surface. It behaves fitfully and with a kind of irritable impotence. It gets rid of Lloyd George, in spite of the fact that it is unable to provide a substitute for him who promises to be anything like as good. It fulminates against Harding in spite of the fact that the President is honestly trying to carry out the program which its members elected him to carry out. The middle class in both nations is bound to govern, because it includes such a huge proportion of the education, the technical skill, the business experience and the social prestige of the British and American peoples, but it is literally flabbergasted by the complexity, the intractability and the gravity of the problems of contemporary government. It must economize, but it can't. It must make peace, but it doesn't know how. It must pay its debts, but it can only do so by incurring new debts. It must substitute cooperation for competition, but when its members search their own souls they do not find in the sanctuary the effective disposition to cooperate. And when they search their own social institutions they do not find a trustworthy method. The last few years have taught them that war is hell. They are now

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just beginning to learn that order, as they administer it or peace as they envisage it, if not hell, certainly comes near to being purgatory.

WHEN Al Smith was nominated the New Republic congratulated the liberals of New York on the opportunity of voting for a member of a major party who at some personal sacrifice had stood for liberal principles. The discussion which Mr. Smith has carried on with Governor Miller has reenforced this original preference. The Democratic candidate has stood to his guns. He has repeated his own allegiance to the principles which induced him to veto the Lusk bills, try to reorganize the state government and favor social welfare legislation. If he is elected, he will not with a Republican legislature on his hands be able to repeal the Lusk bills or accomplish any reorganization or welfare legislation; but he will at least check the reactionary activities of the Republican legislators and he will advertise good causes. So it is with Gifford Pinchot, the Republican candidate for the governorship in Pennsylvania. He is running on a good government rather than a progressive platform, but in Pennsylvania a governor who proposes to substitute good government for the present régime would not be merely a progressive; he would be revolutionary. Mr. Pinchot may not accomplish a revolution, but, as a gallant and a sincere man, he will put up an intelligent and a spirited fight against the machine and in dealing with questions about labor and social welfare his actions will talk louder than his words.

THERE is one candidate for office in the New York State elections about whose qualifications there cannot be the slightest doubt. He is Charles P. Steinmetz, and is running for State Engineer on the ticket of the Labor party. Mr. Steinmetz is not only one of the ablest engineers alive today, he is a man whose unusual intelligence has been applied to many problems not strictly within his own province, and whose point of view on social and industrial affairs is extremely liberal. Hardly ever before has there been such a chance to vote a really first-rate man into public office.

IF the Italians as a people were not possessed of remarkably good sense, the Fascisti movement could hardly have failed to culminate in a disastrous civil war with no conclusion better than a decade of anarchy. As in a sham battle, the King counted the potential dead, reckoned up the potential strategic positions and awarded victory to the victors before instead of after bloodshed. It is not necessary to suppose that the Fascisti were either extremely numerous or extremely well organized and led. Since the war Italy has been afflicted with one of the least representative of parliaments and a succession of the feeblest possible governments, governments incompetent to manage Italy's affairs well either at home or abroad. The government has not dared to assert its supremacy in domestic strife, or to strike for gains or take inevitable losses in diplomacy. It has not dared either to clean up the war profiteers for the benefit of the treasury or to cut expenses for army and navy, for railway and bread subsidies. Parliament should have been dissolved long ago, and a new body of representatives elected. But neither government nor opposition dared to work for dissolution, for fear that new political forces would sweep them away. The new forces have appeared and swept away the old without an election. No doubt dissolution will soon come. The Fascisti will control the new Parliament and, for the first time since the war, Italian politics may take a positive cast.

THE Fascisti are now confronted, however, with a problem more difficult than that of working out a revolutionary program. As revolutionaries they could make the most of the acknowledged feebleness and corruption of the government. They could speak convincingly of national unity and the right of expansion, of universal cooperation in placing the domestic affairs of Italy on a sound foundation, of the necessity of suppressing both communistic disorders and profiteering excesses. That was excellent criticism of the government to which they were opposed. But now they will have to make good on their own account. How will they fulfill the demands of d'Annunzio and his kind for territorial expansion so long as the mass of the Italian people do not want to fight or pay additional war contributions? How will they bridge the gap between the revenues of the state and the expenditures, as they must if the plunge toward national bankruptcy is not to be accelerated? How will they bridge the still more serious gap between exports and imports? We may fairly suspect that the old parliamentary parties are rather relieved than otherwise to turn the riddles of the Sphinx over to these politically youthful aspirants to glory.

ANOTHER little chapter in a book which might be called Does Imperialism Pay? was written when the Japanese fleet and troops steamed out

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of the harbor of Vladivostok. Barring Northern Sakhalin, where the Japanese are still in possession, it is not easy to scrape up items which could reasonably be entered on the credit side of their Siberian adventure. In the debit column appear such imponderables as the increased hatred Russians have for them, deepened American suspicion, and sharp criticism at home. More tangibly, Japanese occupation of Siberia has cost her, indirectly, the investments of some eight thousand farmers and business men who have been forced to leave and, directly, some $750,000,000, the total of the military expenses of occupation.

A Nation Stalled

IN their appeal to the voters for a renewal of confidence this fall, the Republicans presented a pathetic spectacle—the spectacle of a formerly proud, competent and self-confident party which is now exposed as too amorphous and irresolute to deal with the critical problems of American foreign and domestic policy. Of course its stump speakers pretended as usual to have accomplished prodigies of public valor, but they advanced the claim without conviction and it was received with undisguised scepticism. All candid Republicans admit in private the truth of the account which in the New Republic of last week Mr. John W. Owens gave of their party morale. There is just one reason why their enormous majority of 1920 is not swept away—which is that the dissatisfied voter has no particular reason to prefer the Democracy to Republicanism.

Compare the record of Republican achievement with the party's pre-election promises and both with the demonstrated sanitary needs of the American body politic. During the campaign of 1920 the Republican candidate, as the official spokesman of his party, promised to the American people a period of repose and recuperation during which the government would effect drastic economies, cut taxation to the bone and so far as possible emancipate the economic energies of the American people from interference by the government. His assumption was that if the old political and economic organization was restored intact, it would give back to the American people the peace of mind and the steady increase of general well-being which, as so many Republicans believe, they formerly enjoyed. This Republican program answered to the real needs of the country in calling for a period of repose, recuperation and economy. But it identified recuperation with reaction instead of reconstruction. It was stupidly wrong in promising that the nation could recuperate and economize by a return to the Republicanism of McKinley or that it could emancipate the economic energies of the American people by reverting to a policy of unregulated competition and collective neglect and irresponsibility.

The restoration to normal conditions which President Harding anticipated and extolled has either not taken place or in so far as it has taken place, it has not increased popular welfare. Since he became President American agriculture has endured one of the severest periods of depression in its history, and this depression continues without any prospect of relief. His party has passed a tariff bill which intensifies the old discrimination in favor of industry as compared to agriculture and enables the manufacturers to divert to the cities and the factories a still larger share of the country's capital, labor and income. Or take the question of labor. Since he became President the country has passed through protracted and costly strikes in two of its basic industries. During these crises his policy vacillated between lethargy and muddled activity. He began with do-nothingism and finished with the extreme and, as it proved, the unnecessarily violent intervention of the Wilkerson injunction. He had nothing positive to suggest but arbitration and mediation of various kinds which looked in the direction of indecisive and unacceptable compromises. The strikes finally came to an end owing to the exhaustion of one or both of the contestants, but they came to an end without any help from the administration and without any provision except the Coal Commission against a renewal of the contest. Finally in the third great region of public activity, foreign policy, President Harding achieved an emphatic success in the Far East, but in relation to Europe he has had no program but non-interference. Europe is going from bad to worse. It will not recover by drifting and by governmental nihilism but by resolute, wise yet hazardous collective action on the part of the liberal states. In this action the United States will eventually have to participate and its people should be prepared for it now.

We are not insisting on President Harding's failures in any spirit of captious criticism. We fully recognize that the responsibility for them is only to a minor extent personal. In relation to all three regions of public action he could not have pursued very far a consistent or energetic policy without colliding with political impossibilities and without failing, as President Wilson did, in a different way. The fault lies with American public opinion which is at once uneasy and dissatisfied, yet misinformed, unfocussed and torpid. The im-

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potence of the two parties and their failure to bite into the metal of the national problems merely reflects the confusion and irresolution of national public opinion. But for that very reason Harding's original program of a return to pre-war conditions as a remedy for existing troubles is impossible and meaningless. It was a counsel of negation and despair. Social well-being will not return automatically as the result of individual initiative and collective irresponsibility. He himself implicitly recognized the breakdown of "normalcy" as a policy, when in his campaign appeal to the voters, he praised the work of the administration and Congress not as a reaction towards McKinley Republicanism but as the beginning of a process of "reconstruction."

National parties exist for the purpose of stirring up and focussing public opinion and of giving needed energy and direction to the government. When they fail to accomplish these results they naturally provoke discontent, destructive self-criticism and disloyalty. The most interesting aspect of the fall campaign is the increasing breakdown of party allegiances in many of the Western states. The breakdown has not occurred in states like Michigan, Indiana or Ohio, whose interests are as much industrial as agricultural, but it has occurred in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Oklahoma, and more or less in the other states of that region. Throughout the larger part of this territory the contest does not run between Republicans and Democrats, but between conservatives and radicals; and it is almost as bitter a contest as that which the Populists waged against the old machines a generation ago, or more recently the Non-Partisan League waged against the towns and the chambers of commerce.

It is significant, however, that these revolts in different Middle Western states against the official policy of the Republican party are not connected one with another and are not focussed on a common program. In 1909 the insurgent Republicans quickly agreed upon a group of political reforms which were intended to overthrow machine domination and a group of economic reforms which were intended to curb big business. They possessed as leaders a band of congressmen and senators who united in fighting such measures as the Payne-Aldrich tariff and who possessed a common political and economic outlook. But today the three most conspicuous insurgents in the Senate, Johnson, Borah and La Follette all play lone hands. They voted differently in reference to such important measures as the tariff and the bonus. They either ignore the problem of domesticating organized labor in the national economy or vacillate about it. Some of them emphasize economy as the most important object of public policy and others concentrate on railroad nationalization or tax reform. But their proposals are derived from very different analyses of the causes of agricultural distress and of the existing economic or political maladjustment, and they are making no attempt to iron out their differences. They are afraid of united action. In the present confusion they are safer as privateers with the flag of some nominal allegiance flying at their masts than they are as insignificant and disciplined members of a national progressive party.

As yet these insurgent movements in the West have not acted as a ferment and a stimulus to the older parties. The progressives are irresolute and scattered and cannot, consequently, provoke the Republicans and Democrats to the effort of giving resolution and direction to their behavior. Frank Munsey and Nicholas Murray Butler find a sufficient excuse in their existence for the merger of the Democrats and Republicans into a new party which the former calls liberal-conservative and the latter liberal. This is a strange proposal to come from such political realists. Two profitable political organizations never merge except as a means of self-preservation, and at present they are both safer and more profitable as separate than they are as united political groups. The proposal is an interesting example of the confused thinking which sometimes troubles the minds even of college presidents and editors when they yield to the temptation of proposing radical political changes. The voluntary coalescence of the most conservative political groups in the country into a "liberal" party whose function it would be to preserve American political and economic institutions intact does not to our mind make very much sense. If the coalition were politically possible, it would produce the very result which it was ostensibly designed to avoid. It would divide the nation into a comparatively progressive and a comparatively unprogressive party with the certainty that in the alternations of party conflict the progressives would sometimes enjoy power. Now they never do. We advise Mr. Ralph Easley to investigate Mr. Butler and Mr. Munsey. They have exposed themselves to the suspicion of being furtive radicals.

The quickest route to the formation in this country of a political party with a right wing of liberals and a left wing of radicals which would become the spokesman and spearhead of the American progressive movement would be to arrange a coalition of the two existing major parties. Such a coalition, consequently, will never take place until

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progressives in America become numerous enough to threaten the capture of the government, and the progressives will never become numerous enough to be politically formidable until they regain some unity of conviction. From 1868 to 1902 the "reform" movement in American politics was as localized, scattered and irresolute as the progressive movement is today. When Theodore Roosevelt became President he pulled it together and gave it a common impulse and outlook. He nationalized progressivism by identifying in the minds of many of his fellow citizens American national fulfillment with a progressive outlook and program. The identification did not endure. But if progressives are to count in American politics, they will have to renew it. The American commonwealth will never accomplish what it promised to accomplish for the common people until national opinion is aroused to the need of preparing for and welcoming the inevitable economic and social revolution by understanding its processes and so controlling its results. It is the job of progressive leaders to undertake this conversion. Until they restore to progressivism the common meaning and impulse which it possessed in 1911-12, the American nation will remain politically stalled. It cannot progress under existing conditions unless it deliberately proposes and learns how to progress.

The Poisoning of Europe and the Antidote

IF the cables from Berlin are not misleading, the German political chiefs are now debating what is for them the gravest and most doubtful question of national policy. They are occupied in deciding whether they will or will not advise their countrymen to renounce the "Erfüllungspolitik," which since the Peace Conference in Paris has dominated practically to the exclusion of every other influence the political and economic behavior of Germany. As soon as they learned the scope of the demands and penalties imposed upon them by the Treaty of Versailles, the whole German nation unanimously declared its provisions to be a breach of faith and impossible of fulfillment. The effort to execute it, if sufficiently prolonged, would, as they also believed and declared, disintegrate Germany as a nation and impoverish the German people. Yet in spite of this unanimity of essential conviction, German politicians divided into two parties, one of which insisted on rejecting it and the other on signing it. The latter argued that in rebuilding a workable relationship between Germany and her recent enemies, the element of time was all important. If Germany refused to sign, her enemies would seize the opportunity to destroy her then and there. But if she signed she would survive in some fashion until the war hatreds had abated. Then possibly her enemies would be willing to treat her with some consideration and mercy. They proposed Germany herself should carry the cup of poison to her lips and trust to the evidence of her suffering and illness to convince her enemies of the necessity of providing an antidote.

The partisans of the "fulfillment offensive" carried the German national assembly with them. Germany signed not only the Treaty itself, but the supplementary London Agreement of 1921. During the last few years, consequently, contemplative spectators of the human comedy have watched a highly civilized and self-conscious modern nation engaged in conspiring with its enemies to carry out what it believed to be impossible demands which, if carried out or which even if persisted in long enough as an experiment, would bring about its political annihilation. The participation by the German government in this conspiracy, which never has been and never could be really sincere, has unreasonably but inevitably discredited the Republic in the eyes of the German people; and it is rapidly destroying the foundations of property, order and personal security in that unhappy country. After three years and a half of it the consequences of the "fulfillment offensive" are becoming intolerable. The poison is pervading the whole political and economic body. Unless the antidote is quickly forthcoming, its increasing distress is bound in the near future to stretch it on the ground in convulsions.

What are the German republican leaders going to do about it? It is up to them. The calculations on which the "fulfillment offensive" were based have proved to be erroneous. In countries like Great Britain and Czecho-Slovakia, it is true, there is much less hatred of Germany than there was four years ago; but neither the British nor the Czechs are as yet willing, even if they were able, to place in the hands of the German government the antidote to the devouring poison. They are not ready to advocate openly and resolutely as a matter of European sanitation and public justice the revision of those clauses in the Treaty which impose the penalty of national annihilation for a failure on Germany's part to perform the impossible. The Germans in June, 1919, voluntarily seized the cup and drank the poison. They must decide what the antidote is and claim the chance and the right to drink it. This antidote can only consist of undoing the past, of deliberately incurring the risk which they tried to evade in 1919—

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the risk of refusing, no matter what the immediate cost, to participate in what they believe to be a conspiracy among their enemies to bring about their impoverishment as a people and their destruction as a nation.

The choice comes up now in a somewhat different form, but it is essentially the same choice in 1922 as it was in 1919. The moratorium of a few months will soon come to an end. During its existence the financial position of Germany has become worse rather than better. The Germans are declaring that with the mark selling outside of Germany at its present price, they can pay no reparations in cash and almost none in kind. They cannot by virtue of any act which their government is strong enough to take come anywhere near to fulfilling their obligations under the Treaty. What then shall they do about it? Shall they ask for a further breathing spell with the understanding that at the end of a year or two they shall again assume the burden of carrying out an impossible and a repellent bargain? Or shall they refuse at once even to try and live up to their agreement unless both its burdens and the penalties for defaulting on it are radically impaired? If they adopt the first alternative it would mean a prolongation of the present suspense and agony and, in practice, the setting up of partial Allied control over German finance and taxation. The poison might work more slowly but it would continue to work. If they adopt the second alternative, they would challenge the Allies either to take over the government of Germany in the interest of their own mortgage or else to agree to a new treaty which an honorable government, deriving its powers from the German people, can honestly try to execute.

They should, in our opinion, adopt the second alternative. If the experience of the past few years has demonstrated anything, it has demonstrated not merely the temporary but the permanent failure of the "Erfüllungspolitik." The controversy about reparations under the Treaty will continue to prevent the actual repairing of the damage done by the German armies during the war until the German Republic expressly delivers itself from its present legal responsibility to serve as the accomplice of its own agony and annihilation. The formal denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles by the German nation has become the only way of undoing the damage wrought by its signature in 1919 and by its armies in France. It is the antidote which the Germans require in order to regain their national integrity and self-respect. It will transfer to the governments of France and Great Britain which were chiefly responsible for writing the Treaty, the impossible and intolerable burden of getting it executed. If they decide to execute it they must face the pleasant alternatives of either governing Germany for the purpose of converting the German national economy into an instrument for supplying French, British and Belgian wants, or else of marching an army into Germany and appropriating all the movable assets of that country. The necessity of choosing between these alternatives would finally drive a wedge not merely between France and Great Britain but between French militarist reactionaries and French liberals and between British reactionaries and British liberals. On the other hand a courageous act of national self-assertion by the Republican government might prevent the revolutionary coup d'état in Germany which otherwise seems inevitable. The German nation would deliberately assume a terrible but necessary risk which would only be rendered worse by internal dissensions. Is it not capable of summoning enough moral cohesion, tenacity and courage to present as long as the danger lasts a united front?

The formal denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles by the German government would be a desperate act, but the poison of the Treaty has so undermined the health of Germany and Europe that none but desperate remedies will serve. The Treaty of Versailles, as it emerged from the Conference, was obviously forged to provide a hammer which could, if desired, be used to crush German national independence and growth. It was a modern equivalent of the penalty which Rome imposed on Carthage. By denouncing it the German government would put to the victors in the war the question whether they really propose in cold blood to destroy Germany as a nation; and it would ask the question under conditions which would prohibit any postponement or evasion of the answer. The necessity of answering this question would bring the whole situation to a head. It would result immediately in some act of violence by the extreme French nationalists, but there is, in our opinion, a good chance that an invasion of Germany would soon react to the discredit of the government which issued the order. Once it was demonstrated that only a permanent military occupation of Germany would enforce the Treaty, a profound and probably salutary change would take place in the psychology of the Allied peoples. Now that they have cooled off they really do not wish to annihilate Germany as a nation, and they are beginning to understand how serious the consequences of making the attempt would be to themselves. But if they do not annihilate her, if they really propose to give her a chance to live, they must allow and

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even assist her to recover and to take a positive, independent and self-respecting part once again in the family of European nations. They must, that is, finally submit to her denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles and substitute for it another treaty which a democratic German government could agree to execute.

Progress in Cooperation

OTHER democratic impulses have been checked temporarily by the burden of post-war distress and reaction. That is not true of the cooperative movement. The cooperators of Great Britain and Germany, of France and Italy are more numerous, better organized and more powerful than they were before the war. Their membership represents a third of the households of Great Britain and not much less than a quarter of that of Germany. All told, the cooperators of the Western world number thirty millions and more. The meaning of this will escape no one who stops to think about it. Cooperation is the most general form of economic democracy. It is all embracing. There are no cliques and clans in the movement. It strengthens the position of all its adherents, but most of all the classes which, unorganized, are most exposed to oppression and exploitation. What it is capable of accomplishing is demonstrated clearly in countries like Denmark and Switzerland, where it has permeated the whole social structure. The obstacles to industrial, social and political democracy have crumbled under the force of the triumphant cooperative movement.

These are commonplaces. Every well informed American recognizes, in principle, the essentially democratic character of the cooperative movement. And it is gradually coming to be recognized that every other democratic movement needs to have its flanks protected by the cooperators. It is an encouraging thing to see the labor movement reforming its ranks and strengthening its control over wages. But a wages advance is easily defeated by the increase in prices which follows from the middleman's principle of charging what the traffic will bear. We strive for lower railway rates. If we succeed, who benefits? Most likely the slack is absorbed by retailers' profits or by the increased cost of retailers' competition. We labor for lower import duties, but if we get them we shall find difficulty in identifying the gain in our family budgets. Where the consumers are organized cooperatively they are not thus frustrated.

Yet aware as everyone is of the meaning of cooperation, of its present strength and its vastly greater potentialities, the average citizen finds difficulty in arousing in himself more than a lukewarm interest. Toward the end of October the third congress of the Cooperative League of the United States was held at Chicago. The congress represented all that was best and most energetic in the American movement. The object of the congress was to strengthen the foundations of the whole cooperative movement, and to effect harmonious relations with the parallel democratic movements of labor and agricultural organization. A political convention representing equally important political interests would have been reported at great length in the daily press. We venture the guess that a majority of our readers have not even noted the fact that a cooperative congress was held.

And the reason is not far to seek. Americans dislike disappointment, and the history of American cooperation has been full of disappointments. There is hardly anyone who has not at some time observed the enthusiastic launching of a cooperative enterprise, its waning vigor and inglorious end. Americans like big things that move fast. Sound cooperation begins with little things that move slowly. Our failures have come from our own temperamental defects, but we are not more tolerant of them on that account. We are bored by the whole business.

But the cooperative movement goes on, remorselessly, whether the average citizen is bored or not. The third congress of the League exhibited an organization at last pretty well stripped for fighting. It had not only finally expelled the fraudulent factor which has on past occasions sadly compromised the name of American cooperation, but it was pretty well rid of the lunatic fringe. The American movement now possesses an extensive personnel who know what to do and how to do it. The congress gave abundant evidence of an active interchange of technical information on cooperative procedure. It also gave indications of a tendency to draw managers of tried fitness from positions of narrower to positions of wider responsibility.

Consumers' cooperation held its place as the centre of the movement, as anyone familiar with the history of cooperation would expect. But the most spectacular progress reported lies in the field of agricultural marketing where the recently formed "one hundred percent pools" are taking a hand in determining the marketing conditions and prices of hundreds of millions worth of farm produce. The strict constructionists of the cooperative movement refuse to recognize any direct relationship between the agricultural organizations and

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the consumers' societies. The agricultural organizations are no doubt in function on a plane with the trade union rather than with consumers' cooperation. In democratic objective, however, the cooperatives, the farmers' organizations and the unions are one. Educationally they appear now to be working toward unity. If there is hope in the near future for a spectacular growth by consumers' cooperation, it lies in the awakened interest of the labor unions, and above all, in the experience in associated activity which the farmers are acquiring.

The least buoyant part of the movement appears to be the original general retail establishment. The department store, the mail order house, and latterly the chain store, present too redoubtable a competition. The cooperative retail store still thrives in many places, but it thrives best only in a medium of convinced cooperators, as in Finnish and some Scandinavian-American communities. The most vigorous growth of cooperation appears in the handling of specific commodities, like milk, coal, housing. The Franklin Cooperative Creamery Association of Minneapolis, for example, has an amazing record of growth, from a small beginning in March, 1920, to a position of dominant importance in the Minneapolis milk trade at the present time. For Minneapolis, at any rate, they have broken the vicious spell of prices to the consumer too high to permit unstinted consumption and prices to the dairyman too low to justify abundant production. Minneapolis has cheaper milk, better milk and much more of it, because of the success of the cooperative enterprise.

In cooperative housing the most striking success has been achieved in Milwaukee, where a suburban tract is developing into a workingman's garden city under a commission appointed by Mayor Daniel W. Hoan. By this plan financing is effected by the sale of equal amounts of preferred and common stock, the preferred an ordinary investment, yielding five percent, the common to be held only by occupants of houses. The common stock is paid up in monthly instalments and the preferred stock retired in equal proportions, so that at the end of twenty years all the preferred stock will have disappeared and the occupants will own the buildings, collectively. No occupant will receive title to a particular house, to sell for a speculative gain, but is entitled to occupancy by virtue of his stockholdings. If an occupant desires to leave the community, he recovers the value of his shares and the community disposes of the vacant house at its pleasure.

There are many features of the plan that deserve comment, but the essential principle has been made sufficiently clear. Comfortable housing is provided at a monthly charge below the best that private construction can do, and this monthly charge—fifty dollars for a six room house—places in the hands of the occupant the capital value of the house at the end of twenty years. There can be no speculation; any unearned increment falls to the community as a whole. There can be no degradation of the community by the sale of houses to undesirables, as the community takes over the house when an occupant leaves. The occupant is not chained by the leg to an unsalable house, or to the hope of advance in value, when his trade interests or his condition of health would prescribe a change of residence. It is often argued that the elimination of these privileges and disabilities would make a really cooperative housing project unattractive to persons brought up under American individualistic traditions. The objection seems to be conclusively disposed of by the fact that there were nine hundred applications for the first sixty houses to be constructed.

Workingmen's housing is a field that lies wide open for cooperative exploitation, because private enterprise is confessing its impotence to supply the needs of the population. Much the same thing is coming to be true of milk, of low priced fruits and vegetables. It would appear from the wide gap between coal prices at the mine and at the yards that domestic fuel will soon fall into the same class. Such facts may explain why the apostles of cooperation, who have labored in vain for decades to awaken a general interest, now exhibit a new confidence in their cause. Cooperation is ceasing to be something the public may take or leave. It is assuming the place of a social necessity.

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The Collapse of the English Coalition

FOR four years the clouds have been blowing up in English politics and have never burst. What the meteorologists call a "family of depressions" has moved steadily over us, always heralding but never actually producing the decisive storm that might lead again to settled weather. But now the confusion and uncertainty have surely reached their climax. They had arrived at a point where they were in danger of becoming part of our political system and, just because it was so, perhaps, the political conscience of the country became uneasy and finally revolted. At the bottom of all the ferment, bubbling away sullenly in the bowels of the political volcano, is the uneasiness, the malaise, of the ordinary man about the government of the country by Coalition, and by this Coalition. He does not know sometimes where he and his leaders stand, sometimes who his leaders are, sometimes what principles they follow. He wants to know more about it. He is a slow-moving, rather dogged creature, practical and concrete, who dislikes uncertainty, indecision and ambiguity. For these offences he drove Lord (then Mr.) Balfour from the Premiership in 1905, (though he has forgotten and forgiven much since then) and for the same reasons he has relegated Mr. Asquith to a dignified obscurity. It is very much to the credit of the ordinary man. Now his moral discomfort is driving him again to severe measures.

The political managers of the Coalition were entirely right, from the standpoint of pure expediency, when a year or two ago they tried to manipulate a thorough-going fusion of the Liberal and the Unionist parties. The election of 1918 had led to the discovery that moderate Liberals and Conservatives by mutual support at the polls could dominate the House of Commons and keep a government in power. This was the Golden Age that party chiefs and office-holders had enjoyed in their dreams but had never thought to see on mortal soil. After November, 1918, they knew it could be done. If done once, they thought, it could be done again. By their spokesmen, right up to Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, they explained that the party politics of the old days had meant very little, it had been largely an exciting game, and really there had been few differences of principle between the old "historic parties." Why, then, should they not now unite against the common enemy—the Labor party? Let there be a small extreme Right of irreconcilable Tories—these would be classed as "reactionaries" likely to provoke revolution by "sitting on the safety-valve" like the worst sort of Prussians and Junkers. On the Left let there be the Labor party—and this would be (would have to be, whether it liked it or not) revolutionary, Communist, Bolshevist, everything that was Red and horrifying. In the centre would be the compact masses of the moderates, the Liberal and Conservative bourgeoisie, saving the country from Blacks and Reds alike and incidentally maintaining indefinitely in office Mr. Lloyd George and his Unionist colleagues.

This scheme failed for two reasons. The Liberal and Conservative parties would not have it. They had fought the party game with some sincerity whatever might be true of their leaders, and had thought that politics had some concern with principles. Liberals, for example, had been Free Traders and Tories had been Protectionists. The average politician thought there was something wrong about a system under which honest Free Traders were asked to sacrifice Free Trade if honest men on the other side would sacrifice—as they saw it—the Irish Unionists. Secondly, the Labor "menace" was a patent humbug and so the general sense of the country regarded it even in the days when "direct action" was most heard of. The Labor leaders from "Uncle Arthur" Henderson downwards—how often have I seen him chatting comfortably with Liberal "capitalists" in a well-known Liberal Club!—are the mildest Sunday-go-to-meeting revolutionaries that have ever accepted titles like Sir David Shackleton or left fortunes like the £30,000 of Mabon, the Welsh miner.

The ferment among the Conservatives comes from two sources. It began with the rank and file, many of whom approved of the policy of "thorough" in Ireland and disliked Mr. Lloyd George's "surrender" to Sinn Fein. That meant to them the betrayal of the Irish Southern Unionists. The civil war in Ireland, with its anarchy, destruction of property and Unionist refugees streaming over to England, has deepened their irritation. For fifty years the Unionist party in England has been anti-Irish and it is one of the miracles of Lloyd Georgian manipulation that the Birkenheads and Chamberlains, and even the Bonar Laws, of the Unionist hierarchy could be won over to the idea of a treaty with Sinn Fein. But the policy of conciliation has not been equally accepted by those Unionists who have not equally come under the personal spell of the Prime Minister. The Die-

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Hard movement has in respect of Ireland always represented a fairly widely diffused and general feeling in the party.

This discontent has been curiously accentuated by personal considerations. We are in the habit of speaking scornfully about the "rotativist" system of politics in countries like Portugal. It means that the parties by rough agreement take turn-and-turn about in enjoying the spoils of office. If one party does not evacuate when its time is up, there is likely to be shooting. If in this country the guns do not go off, nevertheless the seizure or retention of office plays a part in determining the tactics of the actual or would-be holders of it. It is believed that an impetus has been given to the independence movement in the Conservative party by the Conservative under-Secretaries of State, who are resentful that the Coalition Liberals should hold, and deny to them, so many of the high posts in the administration. There are only about a hundred Coalition Liberals in the House of Commons and there are over three hundred Conservatives, but Mr. Lloyd George has exacted his price and at the present moment the Ministries of Labor, Pensions, Ireland, Home Affairs, Colonies and Education are all in the hands of Liberals, some of whom the Conservatives suspect and dislike. To be plain, there are not enough offices to go round the Conservative under-Secretaries and there will not be until the Coalition is destroyed. It would be pleasant but it would be inaccurate to suppose that a personal motive of this kind could exercise no influence on events.

The state of the Liberal party is almost as dishevelled. The Conservatives are assumed to be weary of Mr. George but their leaders are not with them. The "Liberal leaders," on the other hand, wage open war upon him but he still maintains his ground within the Liberal party, declining to be driven out. And he is wise. A London newspaper writes: "Mr. George is today an unwanted man." The newspaper headlines appear to bear this out. The Liberal machine is in his opponents' hands. The local associations will not have his candidates for Parliament. In Lancashire today there are sixty Conservative candidates, forty Labor, forty Independent Liberals and five Coalition Liberals. He has only a skeleton organization of his own—a staff without an army. The endeavor to create a Coalition Liberal "machine" has largely failed, and what politician can prosper without a strong machine? The prediction is that after the next election his following of Members in the House will sink to about fifty. It is not unnatural that he should be found saying "If I am driven, alone, into the wilderness—." And yet—Charles II once made a pregnant observation to his brother James. He said "They'll never kill me, James, to make you King." The country will never unseat Lloyd George to make Asquith Premier. The spirit of the country is at the moment liberal in the sense that it wants rest, economy and peace, both for itself and others. Live-and-let-live is its idea of policy. That was why the Near East scare, and still more the scare-tactics employed by the government, offended so much. But these many people imbued with a liberal spirit belong to all parties, they include virtually the whole of the Liberal and Labor folds, and —even more important—they number among them the all-important "balancing elector" who, belonging to no organization, votes according to his mood, which is at present liberal. Now there is neither on the field nor within sight a leader of the first rank to carry this varied host to the victory which it has the electoral power to win.

Independent Liberals themselves are privately agreed that their leaders are by no means ideal. The difficulty of Mr. George's return to the party is largely a personal one. The men whom he thrust from power will not lightly permit him to come back. But should they, or can they, prevent him? Two days ago I asked an Independent Liberal official, a man of great importance in his own district, whether he thought that Mr. Lloyd George could now, if the Coalition broke, come back to the Liberal party. "Not all at once" he said, "There should be time to forget things." (Like the "betrayal" of Free Trade.) He was alluding to the idea that Mr. George should go into retirement for a few months and then return to do spadework for the Liberals. One thing at all events is certain—that the hostility of the Independent Liberal machine does not represent the mind of rank-and-file Liberals or of liberal-minded men outside the party. The average Liberal requires Mr. George to show the fruits of liberalism; that done, he will be prepared to be his man. He will not kill Lloyd George to make an Asquith King.

The fact is that in the later days of his premiership Mr. Lloyd George has in most things pursued a Liberal course and has received a great measure of Liberal approval. It has been so in regard to Ireland and India, Russia, Germany and the general reconstruction of Europe. But his handling of the Near East problem has furnished a weapon to each of his critics in turn. He not only backed the wrong horse but was detected in doing so. He brought the country within measureable distance of war and the country is weary of all war. His manifesto of September 16th was

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theatrical and maladroit in the extreme. He mystified the Dominions and offended the French. In the result he has the principal Conservative ministers with him but realizes that they have now no army at their back.

He has sung his swan-song. He has been studiously civil to some of the Independent Liberals, which means, surely enough, that he hopes to work with them again. He has not assailed Labor as he used to do and as Mr. Austen Chamberlain did the other day, which should mean that he is looking in the near future towards the Left. He may hope that when the Tory party has thrown over the Coalition, he will be able to keep with him Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead and others, but broadly his line of development will be towards the Left. The Chamberlain group may endeavor at first to keep their party loyal to the Coalition but when they fail they will be under the greatest pressure to leave Mr. George and cleave to the party. All the instincts of the Conservatives are towards unity and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, honest man though he is, will not relish the prospect of being marooned, high and dry, a leader without followers.

The alternatives are now an immediate dissolution or one following the November meeting. The Irish settlement has to be put through and the Near East conference to be held. A general election ought not to be allowed to prevent either the one or the other. If Mr. Lloyd George will no longer tolerate the humiliation of holding office by means of a Conservative majority which does not want him, he could hold an election in a month and so leave the road clear for those two tasks. Or he can resign and give way to a caretaker Conservative ministry which would complete the necessary tasks and then go to the country. His personal position seems extremely weak. If the Tory leaders cling to their party and abandon him, he will be isolated. Yet he has one great strength. Mr. Asquith once called him a demogogue. Mr. George retorted that a demagogue was the name given to a man who made a strong popular appeal by the man who could not make it. Mr. George, repudiated by the Tories and uncertain of his own party, will "cast himself on the people." The London Nation says he is "unwanted." Yet in the very week in which an unprecedented press array condemned him he has been greeted up and down the country as the most compelling personality in English politics.

AN ENGLISH LIBERAL.

England, October 16th.

The Great Cabinet

WHEN the people of this country gave their votes in an avalanche to Mr. Harding in 1920, one of the expectations of perhaps the larger number of them was that he would select a Cabinet from those whom he had described in the campaign as the "best minds." It was to be a great board of directors, collectively so great and wise that the part of the Executive was to be that of a human funnel through which would be poured into practical use and service a composite stream of profundity, sagacity and leadership. That funnel capacity was to be the principal duty of the President. A lesser part was to pour the oil of conciliation whenever the wear and tear of high-grade quantity production, necessary to repair domestic and international waste, caused the big wheels in this Cabinet machine to scrape and rasp against each other.

This expectation was built upon several circumstances. Mr. Wilson's had been regarded as a "yes" Cabinet. In the days of Mr. Wilson's supremacy that idea prevailed unpleasantly. In the period of his eclipse it became offensively obvious. Since there was a vaguely reasoned but strongly held popular opinion that Mr. Harding's administration was to be beneficently the opposite of Mr. Wilson's in all important respects, it followed that instead of a powerful President with the Cabinet saying "yes," there was to be a powerful Cabinet with the President saying "yes." Mr. Harding encouraged this notion in his campaign. Somebody said before his election that when he was handed a lemon, in the form of some disparagement of his equipment for the presidency, he took the lemon and cheerfully made lemonade.

Everybody was happy when he announced his Cabinet and assumed office. Mr. Harding not only had a rôle to his liking, he had the comfort of knowing that he was not sailing under false colors, and that is really a comfort to him. The members of the Cabinet were joyous beyond measure, naturally feeling after all that had been forecast of the Harding Cabinet that they were headed straight for the nation's gallery of immortals. And the public was satisfied and optimistic. The pictures of the Cabinet members looked like the pictures of the board of the First National Bank. They were familiar, conventional, understandable

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types, and withal confidence-sustaining. A public intensely craving what Mr. Harding had called normalcy, the regular and accustomed order of business, jubilated over the absence of tragedian-looking Bryans, Quaker-hatted Danielses and McAdoos of baffling physiognomies. It is twenty months now since that auspicious Fourth of March; the illusions of the day have gone their fated way, and no sensible person should stop to measure the Cabinet that was to inspire and guide the President, by the passing of the illusions. But it is fair to ask whether the Cabinet has met reasonable requirements as a strong team that was to run the government in a troublous time; and it is very greatly to be doubted that any impartial observer can answer that it has.

There is, first, the fact that Congress has gone to the devil in these past twenty months. Such a great and dominant Cabinet as was forecast ought to have prevented that. Notwithstanding Mr. Harding's honest reluctance to supply executive leadership to the Republican majorities in Congress, it is not far-fetched to say that, the public and party stakes being what they were, a great Cabinet would have found a way through the President or direct action to have kept the Congressional majorities out of the morass. The sort of great Cabinet talked about in 1920 would have had enough sheer intellectual power and enough moral authority to have done that. In the second place, only the successful handling of the Arms Conference appears as a clear triumph at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, and that was a Hughes triumph. In the larger aspects of the work of the administration, that was to be governed by the Cabinet, there is scant evidence of large visioned teamwork, and ample and concrete evidence of lack of it and of consequent failures. Signs that the Cabinet was "chalking short," as they say in some rural sections, appeared very soon after Mr. Harding was inaugurated.

When the late railroad labor troubles were just appearing on the horizon, one of the more liberal-minded among the railroad presidents, up from the ranks and still holding a union card, sought some old friends among the labor leaders in Chicago and inquired whether it was not possible to proceed reasonably in the readjustments. His thought was that if the cost of living had fallen substantially below the war peak, wages based on that peak should be reduced measurably. The labor leaders agreed to the abstract proposition, but denied his claim that there had been actual reduction in living costs, and, when he cited the reports of the Department of Labor, denied the accuracy of those reports for index purposes.

The upshot of the conversations was that both sides agreed that cost of living figures gathered by Hoover would be reliable bases for discussion of wage reductions. The railroad president came to Washington. Hoover was enthusiastic over the suggestion, but someone else had to make the arrangements with the Department of Labor. Weeks, also thinking the suggestion excellent, went to see the President. Finally, it was arranged that the Labor Department's field agents should be supplemented in the big cities by agents of the Commerce Department in quickly gathering essential data; that the Census Bureau, part of the Commerce Department, should provide an adequate statistical force to treat the data promptly, and that month by month authoritative living cost figures would be announced for the guidance of the government, the employers and the employees in the readjustment period. There was, in truth, considerable promise of big things in the plan. The President was almost boyishly happy over it. "A little of that cooperation we have been talking about," he said one day at the White House. Then came word that on second thought, Davis, at the head of the Labor Department, was not so sure the plan was good. Later Hoover was asked what was being done with the plan. "I had to retreat on that," he replied with a grin that was half grimace.

An even more impressive sign that the Cabinet was "chalking short" began to appear soon afterward in connection with the plans for reorganization of the administrative structure of the government. The President had his heart set on that. Of all the things the voters had talked about in the 1920 campaign, that was the one that brought a perfectly clear response from Mr. Harding. He was puzzled and hesitant about foreign relations; he was puzzled and hesitant about the tariff, since it had been complicated by the foreign debt situation; he was uncertain about the exact steps in revision of internal taxes; but he could get a grip on the question of governmental reorganization, and he eagerly got a grip, and in those first days of his administration he talked more about what was to be done in this matter than about anything else. Moreover, he was sincerely interested in effecting reorganization. But not three months had passed before it was seen that he was having trouble; every month that passed made it plainer that he was having trouble; and today, after twenty months, there is no reorganization, and not so much as a tentative official scheme has reached the public. At the White House, the subject seems to be avoided.

The President had not been in the White House a month before he told rather proudly one day of

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having talked over with the members of his Cabinet the possibility that his reorganization project would be defeated as others had been by the growth of a proprietary disposition among Cabinet members toward the bureaus under them, and of having been assured by his entire official family that he would have no such trouble. One easily visualized each member of the Cabinet standing in his place, with hand upraised, taking the oath. Yet, everyone knows that the real difficulty in the reorganization situation is the Cabinet. The Fall-Wallace row is public property. And Washington hears at frequent intervals of jealousy of Hoover and of what is to be done to Hoover's department on the part of Davis or someone else.

In the industrial problems that have been forced on the administration in the last seven months, evidences of similar lack of teamwork have been abundant, and the President has been anything but a funnel through which passed into practical use and service a composite Cabinet stream of sagacity and leadership. Apparently, there was unity in the Cabinet on the coal strike until July 1st neared. The prevailing opinion in and out of the Cabinet was that the miners would be beaten, and everyone rested easily. But when July 1st drew near and the miners were not beaten, and it was clear that if August 1st came with the strike still on the miners would ultimately win, though possibly after great public hardships, the Cabinet unity disappeared. That is, it disappeared when a problem was presented. Davis moved uncertainly; Hoover, trouble-station of the administration, became a picture of a harassed man, questioning whether he stood on solid ground; Weeks, honest, straightforward Old Guard Republican, with the courage of his convictions, bore the grim expression of one in whose household weakness was to be revealed.

There came the President's compromise offer, really a victory for the miners, but rejected by them because, confident of victory, they saw no occasion for accepting the arbitration feature which they disliked. The expressions Hoover, Davis, Weeks and others had been wearing were explained. Next, with Davis still moving uncertainly, and Hoover still looking as though he were not sure of his ground, Weeks's face dropped its grim expression and became almost exuberantly happy. The order for military protection for the operators went out. It was a victory for the operators. When not even a corporal's guard of miners went back into the mines under the President's offer of military protection, a group of operators met the miners' leaders in Cleveland for the purpose of settling the soft coal strike on the miners' terms. By that time, Davis had found himself. He was for settling the strike in any way that it could be settled, and his blessing was given whole-heartedly to the Cleveland conference. But in the very midst of that conference, the Illinois operators, who were fighting it and insisting upon their offer of a state agreement rather than the interstate agreement demanded by the miners and contemplated in the Cleveland conference, made public a telegram from the President commending their offer. For that those in the conference blamed Mellon, Weeks, Daugherty and, measurably, Hoover.

And in the railroad strike there was something of the same stumbling, ragged policy. First, the shopmen were to be allowed to take their medicine, having been "outlawed" by the Railroad Labor Board. The War Department was ready one day to send troops to Texas as part of a stern policy. The next day it did not send them, there were fairly well supported theories that again Weeks's face was a little grim, and soon there was the attempt to pacify the strikers and the railroad executives into settlement. Next, there were the Presidential proposals to the two sides for a settlement, ending in a vast deal of mystery and whispering about the possibility that the proposals as submitted in writing were not those orally discussed. And then came this amazing set of facts: reporters were writing out of Washington, on as good authority as could be had short of the President, that the administration was planning to take over some of the roads, which would have been a strikers' victory; and almost before the newspapers in which those dispatches were printed were laid aside, Attorney-General Daugherty was in the federal court in Chicago getting an injunction for the purpose of crushing the strikers. In the end the railroad strike was settled, so far as it has been settled, as the coal strike was settled—without benefit of the Cabinet.

It would be pleasant to be able to say now what was thought eight months ago, that is, that the departmental administrative work of the Cabinet members was uniformly excellent, whatever the value of the Cabinet as a team handling the larger problems of the administration. May that be said? Hughes is a big figure, a powerful man, running his department with vigor and with what might be called style, so clear-cut and resilient are his movements. Hoover has more ability than all his predecessors in the Commerce Department put together, and the department shows it. Besides, he labors his heart away trying to restore to health all the sick cats and dogs that everyone else in the administration deposits on his doorstep. Weeks and Denby are able men, running their departments excellently, although they have more to do in keep-

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ing the departments from being wiped out inch by inch than in keeping them going. But what of the other six—a three-fifths majority of the Cabinet?

Mellon handles the finances of the Treasury Department admirably, but when he reaches out to perform the other duties of his office, as in legislation dealing with taxes and debts, he always is beaten to death. Fall probably is below the average of his predecessors in the Interior Department, considering him from the test of fitness for that particular office. No arresting evidence of great power has appeared in the Post Office Department, either under Hays or Work. Wallace is no better and no worse than the Agricultural Department has been accustomed to—a good, sufficient man. Davis is only now showing signs of an elementary understanding of the real business of the Labor Department.

And there is Daugherty.

JOHN W. OWENS.

The Reliability of Intelligence Tests

III.

SUPPOSE, for example, that our aim was to test athletic rather than intellectual ability. We appoint a committee consisting of Walter Camp, Percy Haughton, Tex Rickard and Bernard Darwin, and we tell them to work out tests which will take no longer than an hour and can be given to large numbers of men at once. These tests are to measure the true athletic capacity of all men anywhere for the whole of their athletic careers. The order would be a large one, but it would certainly be no larger than the pretensions of many well known intelligence testers.

Our committee of athletic testers scratch their heads. What shall be the hour's test, they wonder, which will "measure" the athletic "capacity" of Dempsey, Tilden, Sweetser, Siki, Suzanne Lenglen and Babe Ruth, of all sprinters, Marathon runners, broad jumpers, high divers, wrestlers, billiard players, marksmen, cricketers and pogo bouncers? The committee has courage. After much guessing and some experimenting the committee works out a sort of condensed Olympic games which can be held in any empty lot. These games consist of a short sprint, one or two jumps, throwing a ball at a bull's eye, hitting a punching machine, tackling a dummy and a short game of clock golf. They try out these tests on a mixed assortment of champions and duffers and find that on the whole the champions do all the tests better than the duffers. They score the result and compute statistically what is the average score for all the tests. This average score then constitutes normal athletic ability.

Now it is clear that such tests might really give some clue to athletic ability. But the fact that in any large group of people sixty percent made an average score would be no proof that you had actually tested their athletic ability. To prove that, you would have to show that success in the athletic tests correlated closely with success in athletics. The same conclusion applies to the intelligence tests. Their statistical uniformity is one thing; their reliability another. The tests might be a fair guess at intelligence, but the statistical result does not show whether they are nor not. You could get a statistical curve very much like the curve of "intelligence" distribution if instead of giving each child from ten to thirty problems to do you had flipped a coin the same number of times for each child and had credited him with the heads. I do not mean, of course, that the results are as chancy as all that. They are not, as we shall soon see. But I do mean that there is no evidence for the reliability of the tests as tests of intelligence in the claim, made by Terman,* that the distribution of intelligence quotients corresponds closely to "the theoretical normal curve of distribution (the Gaussian curve)." He would in a large enough number of cases get an even more perfect curve if these tests were tests not of intelligence but of the flip of a coin.

Such a statistical check has its uses of course. It tends to show, for example, that in a large group the bias and errors of the tester have been cancelled out. It tends to show that the gross result is reached in the mass by statistically impartial methods, however wrong the judgment about any particular child may be. But the fairness in giving the tests and the reliability of the tests themselves must not be confused. The tests may be quite fair applied in the mass, and yet be poor tests of individual intelligence.

We come then to the question of the reliability of the tests. There are many different systems of intelligence testing and, therefore, it is important to find out how the results agree if the same group

*Stanford Revision Binet-Simon Scale, p. 42.

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of people take a number of different tests. The figures given by Yoakum and Yerkes† indicate that people who do well or badly in one are likely to do more or less equally well or badly in the other tests. Thus the army test for English-speaking literates, known as Alpha, correlates with Beta, the test for non-English speakers or illiterates at .80. Alpha with a composite test of Alpha, Beta and Stanford-Binet gives .94. Alpha with Trabue B and C completion-tests combined gives .72. On the other hand, as we noted in the first article of this series, the Stanford-Binet system of calculating "mental ages" is in violent disagreement with the results obtained by the army tests.

Nevertheless, in a rough way the evidence shows that the various tests in the mass are testing the same capacities. Whether these capacities can fairly be called intelligence, however, is not yet proved. The tests are all a good deal alike. They all derive from a common stock, and it is entirely possible that they measure only a certain kind of ability. The type of mind which is very apt in solving Sunday newspaper puzzles, or even in playing chess, may be specially favored by these tests. The fact that the same people always do well with puzzles would in itself be no evidence that the solving of puzzles was a general test of intelligence. We must remember, too, that the emotional setting plays a large rôle in any examination. To some temperaments the atmosphere of the examination room is highly stimulating. Such people "outdo themselves" when they feel they are being tested; other people "cannot do themselves justice" under the same conditions. Now in a large group these differences of temperament may neutralize each other in the statistical result. But they do not neutralize each other in the individual case.

The correlation between the various systems enables us to say only that the tests are not mere chance, and that they do seem to seize upon a certain kind of ability. But whether this ability is a sign of general intelligence or not, we have no means of knowing from such evidence alone. The same conclusion holds true of the fact that when the tests are repeated at intervals on the same group of people they give much the same results. Data of this sort are as yet meager, for intelligence testing has not been practised long enough to give results over long periods of time. Yet the fact that the same child makes much the same score year after year is significant. It permits us to believe that some genuine capacity is being tested. But whether this is the capacity to pass tests or the capacity to deal with life, which we call intelligence, we do not know.

This is the crucial question, and in the nature of things there can as yet be little evidence one way or another. The Stanford-Binet tests were set in order about the year 1914. The oldest children of the group tested at that time were 142 children ranging from fourteen to sixteen years of age. Those children are now between twenty-two and twenty-four. The returns are not in. The main question of whether the children who ranked high in the Stanford-Binet tests will rank high in real life is now unanswerable, and will remain unanswered for a generation. We are thrown back, therefore, for a test of the tests on the success of these children in school. We ask whether the results of the intelligence test correspond with the quality of school work, with school grades and with school progress.

The crude figures at first glance show a poor correspondence. In Terman's studies* the intelligence quotient correlated with school work, as judged by teachers, only .45 and with intelligence as judged by teachers, only .48. But that in itself proves nothing against the reliability of the intelligent tests. For after all the test of school marks, of promotion or the teacher's judgments, is not necessarily more reliable. There is no reason certainly for thinking that the way public school teachers classify children is any final criterion of intelligence. The teachers may be mistaken. In a definite number of cases Terman has shown that they are mistaken, especially when they judge a child's intelligence by his grade in school and not by his age. A retarded child may be doing excellent work, an advanced child poorer work. Terman has shown also that teachers make their largest mistakes in judging children who are above or below the average. The teachers become confused by the fact that the school system is graded according to age.

A fair reading of the evidence will, I think, convince anyone that as a *system of grading* the intelligence tests may prove superior in the end to the system now prevailing in the public schools. The intelligence test, as we noted in an earlier article, is an instrument of classification. When it comes into competition with the method of classifying that prevails in school it exhibits many signs of superiority. If you have to classify children for the convenience of school administration, you are likely to get a more coherent classification with the tests than without them. I should like to emphasize this point especially, because it is im-

†Army Mental Tests, p. 20.

*Stanford Revision of Binet-Simon Scale, Chapter VI.

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portant that in denying the larger pretensions and misunderstandings we should not lose sight of the positive value of the tests. We say, then, that none of the evidence thus far considered shows whether they are reliable tests of the capacity to deal intelligently with the problems of real life. But as gauges of the capacity to deal intelligently with the problems of the classroom, the evidence justifies us in thinking that the tests will grade the pupils more accurately than do the traditional school examinations.

If school success were a reliable index of human capacity, we should be able to go a step further and say that the intelligence test is a general measure of human capacity. But of course no such claim can be made for school success, for that would be to say that the purpose of the schools is to measure capacity. It is impossible to admit this. The child's success with school work cannot be a measure of the child's success in life. On the contrary, his success in life must be a significant measure of the school's success in developing the capacities of the child. If a child fails in school and then fails in life, the school cannot sit back and say: you see how accurately I predicted this. Unless we are to admit that education is essentially impotent, we have to throw back the child's failure at the school, and describe it as a failure not by the child but by the school.

For this reason, the fact that the intelligence test may turn out to be an excellent administrative device for grading children in school cannot be accepted as evidence that it is a reliable test of intelligence. We shall see in the succeeding articles that the whole claim of the intelligence testers to have found a reliable measure of human capacity rests on an assumption, imported into the argument, that education is essentially impotent because intelligence is hereditary and unchangeable. This belief is the ultimate foundation of the claim that the tests are not merely an instrument of classification but a true measure of intelligence. It is this belief which has been seized upon eagerly by writers like Stoddard and McDougall. It is a belief which is, I am convinced, wholly unproved, and it is this belief which is obstructing and perverting the practical development of the tests.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

(To be continued.)

[*A number of letters have been received, commenting on the two articles of Mr. Lippmann's series already printed. We have thought it best not to print any of these letters until the completion of the series, when it will be possible to classify and present the points brought up by our correspondents more intelligently.*—THE EDITORS.]

Loyalties

Loyalties, by John Galsworthy. Gaiety Theatre. October 23, 1922.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S play holds many people spellbound by three kinds of logic. There is the logic of melodrama, the logic of the social idea, the logic of the loyalty theme. The melodrama holds the interest by its suspense and plot devices; the sociological meaning sanctifies the curiosity with which one follows the characters and their fortunes; the loyalty theme gives everything a background and assurance of philosophical thinking. No wonder the audience sits there piqued, thrilled and flattered all at the same time. You take first the melodrama of catch the thief and weave that into a skilful plot structure; on top of that you put the Shylock motive and make the play's struggle look more racial than theatric: then you tie all this up with the idea of loyalties, loyalties working so that everyone in the theatre can see them enter and exit, social class loyalties, racial, the policemen, the Italian's daughter, the lawyer, the butler, and finally the wife's loyalty to the husband, with those last touches of his, for her sake, loyally shooting himself and her loyally fainting on the sofa.

If you are Puritan enough still to mistrust what is more or less mere pleasure, you can fall back on the profundities of meaning in the whole play; and after you see what happens about the robbery and catching the thief and what the various people do about it, you can go home and think deeply about the problems of race and class. But Loyalties depends on the story, on the thrill and suspense of tangled incidents. And that is nothing against it. Melodrama is good enough in itself. It can be a sound dramatic pattern. The test of a play may, in certain types at least, be the pantomime of it, as everyone has heard. The important point is that we should keep this clear, and not go fuddling up an entertaining melodramatic framework with abysms of philosophy and subtle creation.

In Loyalties a Jew, who is received on account of his money, comes late at night into his host's room to report that he has lost a thousand pounds. He insists that his host ask everyone in the house to appear. A hero of the war is the man suspected by the Jew. The English gentlemen resent this aspersion by an outsider on one of their set. There is reason to suspect the hero, for one of the gentlemen finds accidentally that his sleeve is wet, which might be proof that he has entered by way of the balcony. But they bully the Jew with lofty conduct and social blackmail. Later the accusations are renewed and taken to court. The stolen notes are traced. The Englishman shoots himself to escape shame.

This is tragic material. There is one scene in Loyalties, the interval of the inspector's examination, into which we must read supernaturally significant comments on police inefficiency to keep it from being very dull and obvious; otherwise the play moves like a clock from start to finish. It is smooth, adroit, quiet and, so far as any unseemly jars in its unfolding go, invariably true to the kindred points of heaven and home. The motives of class prejudice are deftly introduced into the situations. The loyalty theme is superbly completed at the very last by one of the characters remarking that they had kept the faith but it was not enough.

But there is one scene that gives the game away. The moment comes when the climax of the struggle between

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the two sides is reached. "You damned Jew" is hurled at the Jew by the man he accuses. We have here a sensitive and intelligent creature who understands his position exactly and that of his enemies; he understands their strength, their admirable training for certain ends; he understands, too, the amount of sheer massed bluff that they are using on him. The rankling thing with him is this racial prejudice, all the more maddening because it is instinctive and unreasonable. The epithet hurled at him only states in words what is already working.

Chekhov has a scene like that at the end of the third act in Ivanoff where the husband cries "Hold your tongue, Jewess!" But this point has been led up to not by a jargon of racial insinuations—there is no mention of race at all,—but by exasperations, tensions, violent, passionate resentments and reproaches. And for the ten lines to the end of the scene we have no competing retort on the Jewess's part. We have the reproaches again and a more terrible suffering; we have no mention of race at all, but, through the taunt, a release of a more cruel and deeper struggle. This is great art springing from the centre; this leaves out argumentative patter and reveals the deepest motive as it works most deeply and elementally.

What does Mr. Galsworthy do? "You damned Jew" the Englishman taunts. And the Jew then in his turn carries the argument to the very gallery gods. "You called me a damned Jew. My race was two thousand years old when yours were still savages. I am proud to be a Jew." Applause. This crushing retort is exactly what the gallery expected, of course; it is what we have heard in a dozen forms; what Disraeli said much better years ago; and what is a competitive rather than a very lofty or poignant reaction after all. This scene works smoothly, but otherwise it is a fatal test of the play's deepest limitations.

As thought Loyalties has the same mild relation to our generation of ideas that the dramas fifty years ago with their themes of maidenly virtue, noble womanhood, reformed drunkards, and honest laborers, had to the ideas of the sixties; though we may like our own better. Certainly the machinery that conveys them is better machinery. Loyalties as popular theatre is remarkable. As any real instance in serious drama it is amiably negligible. It lacks resource in the revelation of vitality. It moves on the surface only of any life that could be called a living thing. It has a pleasant gift of mild social insight and analysis, and a very easily seen cerebral gesture. By way of solution of any intellectual problems that he arouses, Mr. Galsworthy supplies a gentle, reflective and agreeable paralysis. He has a tact for distributing the blame that sends us home with softer moral horizons. He has a kind of bland profundity that up to a given point has a popular use. But in Loyalties there is little creative power. And, what is worse, as a dramatic influence such plays as Loyalties tend to hamstring the art of the drama, to thwart its vibrant impulse. Such dramatic writing has a certain smooth and obvious level that encourages too plausible a substitute for the bite, the mystery, the shock of the darkness and light, that make up living.

Mr. Hanray is a good actor. As the old lawyer he too had a quiet exterior but under it a sense of the pressure of reality and intense response. Mr. Dale as De Levis, the Jew, had good moments. If for a second, of course, he had played the part with any deep poignancy or to the limit of its implications he would have knocked a hole through the play, not to speak of hitting Mr. Galsworthy below the mental belt. After Mr. Dale and Mr. Hanray the company in Loyalties had the same virtues as the play itself, though on a lower level of expertness. The ensemble was very even; the general rapport of the cast, if a little tame, was even and agreeable. The performance indeed appeared to be an endless stream of going and coming, with hands quietly at the sides and bodies hopelessly dumb and inexpressive, equably giving us bits of the situation and keeping up always a pleasant and polite realism.

For an American audience the mere fact that these players are foreign gives the illusion of more acting than is, necessarily, going on. The people in being merely themselves seem to be acting. But there is something about this quiet evenness and assurance of an English company that impresses many of us as an Englishman's self-possession is said to impress savages. These actors in Mr. Galsworthy's play, however, have little to teach so far as the art of acting goes. Their virtues are largely negative. They are less crude than our actors, they speak better, their voices are better, they get around more smoothly. But in this special field of finish, diction, tone, and manners, they do not arrive at any positive or creative excellence. They are not in any important sense finished; their speech and tone, as such, arise to no particularly artistic uses; their manner is nothing to speak of if we mean stage manners as one finds them in Rome or Paris or Madrid. As an agreeable stage craft what they do is fair. As acting it amounts to little. It lacks power, abundance, vitality, it has neither eloquence nor poignancy.

Coming in slowly with your hands at your cuffs and saying quietly, "Old chap, your wife has just swallowed a pair of scissors," to which he says "Where is she?" taking a step forward perhaps, does not mean that you are acting. It means but one thing, necessarily, that only a fine artist can afford to risk it. Or, if someone insists, we may yield the point but add that, with matters thus, the sofa in the last act did quite as much acting as the lady fainting on it

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Grieved Advertising Manager

SIR: In a recent issue of the New Republic Miss Martin, speaking of the refusal of every New York and Boston women's magazine to publish a radical feminist article, states that it was finally accepted and published by the editor of a Far Western magazine. That publication was Sunset Magazine. So far so good. But Miss Martin could not resist the temptation to add parenthetically "Western editors *may* be less for the housewife's right to unpaid labor, but I noticed this magazine did not carry much household advertising."

In this one sentence your contributor manages simultaneously to kick the shins of our advertising manager and to land an uppercut on the jaw of our editorial integrity. So far as the uppercut goes, I don't mind particularly. I am used to it. But our advertising manager is a most temperamental soul and his shins are exceedingly sensitive. Ever since the publication of the aforesaid slam he has not been his usual buoyant self; he has been going around muttering to himself, buttonholing people and telling them his story. For be it said, this genius of the advertising business succeeded in putting into the issue of Sunset Magazine containing Miss Martin's article a total of 7,168 agate lines of paid advertising with what he terms the "woman appeal." According to his figures, these 7,168 agate lines constitute over fifty percent of the total volume of paid advertising in that issue. Perhaps this figure will enable you to understand his bitterness, the sense of wrong he has been laboring under ever since his accomplishment was so glibly belittled by your contributor. May I not ask for a correction, so that he may be vindicated and an end be put to his sufferings?

WALTER V. WOEHLKE,
San Francisco. Managing Editor.

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THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM SYCAMORE

(1790-1880)

My father he was a mountaineer,
His fist was a knotty hammer.
He was quick on his feet as a running deer,
And he spoke with a Yankee stammer.

My mother she was merry and brave
And so she came to her labor,
With a tall green fir for her doctor grave,
And a stream for her comforting neighbor.

And some are wrapped in the linen fine,
And some like a godling's scion.
But I was cradled on twigs of pine
In the skin of a mountain lion.

And some remember a white, starched lap
And a ewer with silver handles.
But I remember a coonskin cap
And the smell of bayberry candles!

The cabin logs with the bark still rough,
And my mother who laughed at trifles,
And the tall, lank visitors, brown as snuff,
With their long, straight squirrel-rifles.

I can hear them dance, like a foggy song,
Through the deepest one of my slumbers,
The fiddle squeaking the boots along
And my father calling the numbers.

The quick feet shaking the puncheon-floor,
And the fiddle squeaking and squealing,
Till the dried herbs rattled above the door
And the dust went up to the ceiling.

There are children lucky from dawn till dusk,
But never a child so lucky!
For I cut my teeth on "Money Musk"
In the Bloody Ground of Kentucky!

When I grew tall as the Indian corn,
My father had little to lend me,
But he gave me his great old powder-horn
And his woodsman's skill to befriend me.

With a leather shirt to cover my back,
And a redskin nose to unravel
Each forest sign, I carried my pack
As far as a scout could travel.

Till I lost my boyhood and found my wife,
A girl like a Salem clipper!
A woman straight as a hunting-knife
With eyes as bright as the Dipper!

We cleared our camp where the buffalo feed,
Unheard-of streams were our flagons,
And I sowed my sons like the apple-seed
On the trail of the Western wagons.

They were right, tight boys, never sulky or slow,
A fruitful, a goodly muster!
The eldest died at the Alamo.
The youngest fell with Custer.

The letter that told it burned my hand.
Yet we smiled and said, "So be it!"
But I could not live when they fenced the land,
For it broke my heart to see it.

I saddled a red, unbroken colt
And rode him into the day there,
And he threw me down like a thunderbolt
And rolled on me as I lay there.

The hunter's whistle hummed in my ear
As the city-men tried to move me,
And I died in my boots like a pioneer
With the whole wide sky above me.

And your life's easy where mine was rough,
My little clerks of the city!
But an easy body is fragile stuff
And I find you easy to pity.

I lie in the heart of the fat, black soil
Like the seed of a prairie-thistle;
It has washed my bones with honey and oil
And picked them clean as a whistle.

And my youth returns, like the rains of Spring,
And my sons, like the wild geese flying,
And I lie and hear the meadow-lark sing
And have much content in my dying.

Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,
The towns where you would have bound me!
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
And my buffalo have found me.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

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History for East and West

The Story of American Democracy, Political and Economic, by Willis Mason West. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $3.20.

THERE is a vicious campaign for the control of history teaching in the United States, a campaign quite similar in certain respects to the campaign which followed the rise of Bismarck to power in Germany. Since the Civil War the North has adopted the philosophy of economic control and mastery that signalized the old South and even brought on the war itself. One fights to destroy one's economic and political opponent, and then one coolly adopts the policies that have been condemned. That was true of the Republican party which, after the death of Lincoln, became at once the party of privilege that the Democratic party had been from the advent of James K. Polk.

In this country we are now experiencing one of those propagandist periods in which the ideals of a broken opponent are moulded and adopted for future use. One of the most effective means to the desired end is the control of teaching. History texts become, then, the most important books, and the writers of accepted school texts are among the most important public men, good or bad, according to their moral and scholarly standards. For history is what men make it: it partakes of the strength and weakness of human character. Even to the greatest historian the pitfalls are many. One of these is nationalism or hyper-nationalism. Another is the interpretation of constitutions and laws in the sense of religious sanctions, thus erecting in the minds of American youth bulwarks against the truth —for actually the first principle of American constitutional ideals is the right of revolution, change according to the will of the people. Still another pitfall is the justification of any particular economic order. And finally there are the race groups and the sectional blocs. Truly, no historian ever had a more delicate task than the American historian. Yet no true nationalism, no noble conceptions of American constitutional ideals, none of the best of sectional and racial contributions to American life can be duly appraised if we cannot have texts that shall be acceptable in the schools of all states and all elements. Not that I would have a single text for every school in the country, but the reasons for the use of different texts should not be such as have actuated most of the struggles about school books which have lately reached the proportions of scandals.

Now Professor Willis Mason West has endeavored to write a book that can be used East or West—that is, among people who entertain the most contradictory views about constitutions and the present social order. He has tried to write a book that would be acceptable in Ohio as well as in Virginia. He has also sought to teach the contending race groups the real history of the country. He is neither Irish nor German nor English. Has he succeeded? I think he has. Let us look for a moment into the three great subjects of American history, the Revolution of 1776, the Civil War and the period of industrial overlordship that began with the death of Lincoln and reached a climax with McKinley. In the American mind these subjects form a great trinity; if an historian fails in any one of these he is indeed no true historian.

Professor West makes plain that the American Revolution was a social upheaval, akin to that greater upheaval which set all Europe by the ears in 1789. Men who have been engaged too long in petit research or who have fallen under that most subtle of all propagandas, the spell of economic or social success, have of recent years convinced themselves that the American Revolution was a pink tea affair that had as its object merely the substitution of American masters for English masters. Professor West is right. It was a social movement of deep significance. Its object was the creation of a new social order, an order which was to be spread over the earth as all good things ought to be. Not until after the Civil War did Americans in general begin to lose that sense of the radicalism of their system which made them seem so dangerous to Europe.

On the great problem of slavery and plantation privilege in the United States Professor West is fair, and disposed to give just treatment to those "to whom we do not wish to be just." What he says of the masters of slaves ought not to offend the descendants of slaveholders. What he says of the abolitionists ought to please even the editors of the Nation. What he does not say of John Quincy Adams would make an interesting tale for college students—particularly that formal document written by the venerable New Englander calling upon the people of the North to secede in 1843, and not published in the famous Adams Diary. Disunion advocated by an Adams! That shows how foolish even the best of men can be. But I am a little sorry Professor West republishes Ichabod, unless it be to show again how fatal would have been the adoption of the abolitionist policy in 1850, for anyone must realize that secession at that time would have given the South victory, and slavery as an institution would have been immeasurably strengthened as a result. Of course a textbook must tell the truth and the whole truth, but young students must also be guided to an understanding of it if there is ever to be any sound social policy in this country.

Of the growing industrial imperialism that has filled the political spaces of American history since the death of Lincoln the historian must speak, although all the evidence is not yet available. Enough is known, however, for young students to be taught the greater facts, namely that a second exploitation quite as terrible as slavery ever was is fixed upon the country, upon that democracy of which men dreamed in 1776. The chapters in which Professor West treats this problem—the methods of business, the plight of the farmer, of labor and of the poor of the great cities—are admirable for restraint as well as for plain but judicious speaking. One might as well "out with the truth" when speaking of the elections of 1876 and 1896. Nor may one mince words when one describes the work of McKinley or Roosevelt or the magnates of industry at the time of the Armistice and the Paris Conference. I do not think it the place of the historian to suggest ways and means of democratic procedure, and Professor West has not done so, but the treatment of modern American business makes it plain that the advocates of democracy must "get busy" if they hope to make that ideal of social cooperation a reality. On this difficult subject, the author has shown his power as a historian and a friend of honest methods in politics. That far he must have gone; and really no one can complain of his fairness.

After all the younger generation will realize that it has not been democracy all the way. It has been an everlasting struggle for democracy, sometimes successful, sometimes unsuccessful. It is very evident that the country is now less democratic in essential economic life than it was in 1776, though perhaps more democratic in the behavior of men one to another in matters not essentially important.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

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A Page of Minor Poetry

Real Property, by Harold Monro. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE assignment in voluntary bankruptcy of a Georgian who went into the metaphysical business. Mr. Monro projected Real Property as a sequence about the non-conscious "common land" underlying the diverse dwellings of the human spirit; but, to quote his petition, "the imagination preferred to remain independent, and most of the poems, thus artificially planned, remained unwritten." So "the fragments" and the corporate name are tendered for what they will yield. Not a great deal, even from successful competitors. It is hard to see to what use Mr. Aiken or Mr. Lawrence could put a subconscious regarded as the Unconscious and loosely built into an unfinished natural philosophy fabricated from such worn parts as Fate, Earth, Body, Blood, and Soul. The very blue-prints were out of date. Mr. Monro was after "the old natural brightness [sic] of the heart," but came no nearer than a "perpetual worship" of—shades of R. L. S.!—Gravity. Had he completed his engine, it could not have turned over; for, though he called on Memory for fuel, his fire never burned hot enough to weld all those metals together—it is unwise to rely upon "emotion recollected in tranquillity" where in the first instance there was no passionate lucidity. So, despite numerous fancies of the sort that invite rather than compel our imagination and a few keen evocations of the mood of communion with the subliminal—"Who was it talking within me and to me at once?"—the boundaries of Real Property enclose so little that is universal that Mr. Monro did well to abandon the business before he got hopelessly committed, not to metaphysics, but to that very different thing, Metaphysical Poetry.

After the corporate assets, the bankrupt schedules a dozen items that "have no metaphysical background"—in other words, personal effects. "Some of them," he admits, "are tainted with slight Georgian affectations." Mistaken modesty! For these private assets (as likewise the happiest lyrics in Real Property) are the more precious the more Georgian they are in their tidy clarity, their studied artlessness. Affectation if he like, but poetry, successful minor poetry. In fact, this success and the failure of his ambitious design cooperate to clear up our notions of the minor thing: Mr. Monro is minor in kind because his muse is particularist; in degree, because his temperament cannot realize the synthesis his thought can envisage. It is not a matter of talent as opposed to genius, but of different kinds of genius expressing themselves with varying degrees of talent.

Spindrift, by Milton Raison. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

INVOLUNTARY bankruptcy of a bad boy who ran away to sea and set up a Masefield shop. Not even the loyal optimism of his attorney, William McFee, can obscure the fact that he was without equipment for it—sans ear, sans mood, sans taste, sans everything. "A talent," says Mr. McFee's Introduction, "which will probably come to maturity in a very different field." Well, bankrupts are no longer impounded; Mr. Raison is free to venture again wherever he can capitalize his experience.

The Ballad of the "Royal Ann," by Grosbie Garstin. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.75.

THE occasional verses of a poetaster who must have been as indefatigable a globe-trotter as lately he has been an author. Upon internal evidence we locate him successively in Lamorna, among the Scilly Isles, in Montana and Alberta and the Northwest Territories, at Plug Street, Callao, Zambesi, and points beyond. But he traveled light, packing only a knack for versifying and a taste for sentimental legend, so that his fugitive souvenirs are to the genius loci as so many picture postcards. Of this his publishers appear to have been gratifyingly sensible, for they have supplied him a flexible album in purple suede, gold-lettered, tooled, and boxed. It may be that one of Mr. Garstin's pieces will escape from the parlor table—The Cow-Pony, a vernacular song worthy the bard of that immortal line, "Glory be to me, and Fame's unfadin' flower!" John Avery Lomax please note.

The Lions, by Edwin Curran. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $2.50.

THE third and most significant exhibit in an instructive case. Mr. Curran himself published his First Poems, though the more alert critics promptly discovered an exceptional promise where editors and publishers presumably had not. The verse-matrix was crudely shaped, but it was substantial, rugged, and rich in gems of hardest flame—living colors, dartling images, and moments of incandescent passion sustained by singing magic. In 1917 Mr. Curran seemed an unschooled poet of possibly major quality. 1918 saw First Poems reissued (as Poems) by his present publishers; but it was three years before they brought out the second document—called New Poems, although a more prevalent sentimentality, the still cruder working of a softer stuff, and the presence of paste among the fewer jewels suggested that these were really old poems capitalizing an unredeemed promise. Be that as it may, the promise held, and judgment was suspended.

Well, Exhibit C is a single piece that labors one episode through 250 lines as uneven, as promising as ever. Mr. Curran can write "Wind-swift and lithe as sudden air" and still be as prosy as "The old lion meets a younger lion," can see the trotting lion as a "saffron mist" and yet call the moon an "eye of snow." While he has been learning nothing he has forgotten much: he has less to say now, and less breath for the saying; the half-worked matrix already crumbles, exposing more paste among the less precious stones. In 1922 Mr. Curran is a still unschooled poet, of minor quality, who meets his promissory notes with renewals on easier terms.

Poems and New Poems are priced, not unreasonably, at $1.25 and $1. You can read The Lions in Poetry for November 1921; or you may pay $2.50 for eleven pages of verse on "India Oldestyle" paper between colored boards—and Mr. Curran's signature! Does the sturdy author-publisher of First Poems prefer exploiting the cult of promise to earning the rewards of performance, or has he let himself be persuaded that he has already arrived? The problem is posed in the interest of the many other promising talents uncovered, and tempted to similar defalcations, by our too complacent "poetic renaissance." The moral is, once more, that poets are born—and then must make themselves.

CLARENCE BRITTEN.

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This story of a cuckoo's egg deposited in a hedge-sparrow's nest is not only a footnote to natural history but a most charming and beautifully illustrated true story of bird life as well. $2.50

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Another delightful story for children by the author of "The Princess White Flame." The Wizard of the Cave of Darkness imprisoned the Shadow Witch when she helped the Princess White Flame escape. Her adventures in consequence are told with delicate charm, and combined with Miss Peck's fanciful drawings make this book a treat for the lover of beautiful fairy tales. $2.00

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Indian folk-lore stories which Ossawippi told to the little white boy long ago in the tangle of forest and mountains where the Queen's country ended and the President's country began. Delightfully illustrated in black and white. $2.50

Little Lucia

By MABEL ROBINSON

The charming story of a little girl who breaks her leg and finds herself convalescing outdoors in a hammock, night and day, where she makes friends with the little animals which crept out when all was still, the drifting stars and the collie puppy who looked so wise. $2.00

Henny and Penny

By BERTHA PARKER HALL

Henny and Penny are twins of four. They enjoy Thanksgiving, the first snow, Christmas-shopping and Christmas itself together. Ruth Clements Farrell has added to the very charming text her inimitable silhouette illustrations. $1.50

Sing a Song of Sleepy Head

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A jingling play by the author of "Boys and Girls," with its figures taken mainly from nurseryland. Also, three longer poems dedicated to "the two hundred thousand school children who have laughed with me." $2.00

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Two boys enter Annapolis together from very different circumstances. This is the story of their conquest "for the fleet" of a natural antagonism. The attractive background of Naval Academy life is intimate and accurate in detail. $2.00

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The Bad End of Anon

The Pomp of Power. Anonymous. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $3.00.

Painted Windows, by A Gentleman with a Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

WE may say, I think, with some confidence that our vexatious old acquaintance Anon is done for, at all events in relation to the affairs and personalities of the present day. There would, indeed, seem very little excuse for his continuance, notwithstanding his own awareness (a matter of concern to the more perceptive reader), that, whenever he has the luck to hit on a live subject or set of subjects, Anon need not reach so decent a level of writing as would be required from him if he came out under his proper name. But the fact is that Anon of late has overplayed his trick. Henceforward no one will mind him. Moreover, he is commonly as simple a humbug as Santa Claus himself. Everybody in his own world identifies him; but such is the kindness of the craft that he can count as a rule upon a season's run. When Harold Begbie comes to be old, I hope he will remember with reasonable gratitude how beautifully Fleet Street played the game for him.

In the case of The Pomp of Power, Anon has been rather more successful than usual. The number of knowing people who confused him with that obstinate semi-anon, Lord Esher, was astonishing, but at least no higher critic gave himself away by naming a man of letters as the probable author. The present reviewer makes no claim for himself on this occasion, save in respect of two pieces of internal evidence both equally incontrovertible. He said that Anon's ignorances, which are not by any means confined to his illiterate French phrases, were not those of a man in Lord Esher's position; and he said that Anon's English was transatlantic. The guessing paragraphers might at least have read a single chapter with attention.

Mr. Laurance Lyon, a Canadian barrister and a former proprietor of the London Outlook, who sat for a time in the British House of Commons, doubtless had unusual opportunities of learning things that were hidden from the general public, but the sum-total of his inside knowledge as given in The Pomp of Power is not impressive. His main interest is in the plans of campaign. He has a deal to say about the French generals, is fierce on Joffre and the General Staff, and expansive over the intrigues of 1917-18. So far, however, as he touches the crucial points of those terrible years, he is not especially illuminating. Much to which he refers has been revealed in great fullness from both the English and French sides within the past year, and I would venture the opinion that nothing in his war chapters can, for interest and significance, be put alongside General Maurice's recently published pamphlet, the little masterpiece called Intrigues of the War.

When he comes to the peace and to politics the author is trivial and not seldom absurd. Of England he is merely ignorant. On the central question of France and Europe his view is about as sensible as that of the London Morning Post. He cites Tardieu and Le Temps as moderate. He makes a brief reference to the Bullitt mission to Russia which is sufficient by itself to place him. His repetition of the old gibe at Mr. Wilson as sacrificing everything at the Conference in order to secure the League Covenant, would sound better today if Mr. Lloyd George had not lately claimed the entire credit of this achievement for himself. Again: he expresses the grotesque opinion that "the situation would have been clearer and healthier if Lloyd George had had Northcliffe by his side at the Conference." He says, and repeats, that in their long duel since 1918 "Lloyd George could not in any possible way have hurt Northcliffe": and this in face of the four-years' evidence that all the Northcliffe batteries were impotent against the Prime Minister, and of the notorious fact that the defeat and frustration in this encounter contributed powerfully to Northcliffe's collapse. The Pomp of Power, in a word, is an appropriate weapon for Anon to fall upon.

It must be allowed that Harold Begbie (the English Press has at last dropped the pretense of anonymity in connection with his unacknowledged books) possesses an almost unequalled eye for a popular subject. And it might have been thought that, in turning away from politicians who have been dusted and mirrored to death and addressing himself to leaders of the Church, he should be able to better his own record. Not so, however. Painted Windows, as anyone may see, is a respectworthy performance by comparison with the Mirrors, some chapters of which had obviously not cost the author a day's labor. In order to draw these twelve portraits he has had to read, and to write; and his severest critic would not deny that Mr. Begbie, when he chooses to be at his best, is an accomplished and effective journalist. But the plain fact is, that a few only of his subjects were worth considering in this relation at all. In other words, these painted windows of his are, with a few exceptions, the merest ground glass. It is not through them that one can discern anything of the urgent and troubled religious life of contemporary England. They are nothing; mere figures of institutionalism, mostly old, with neither books nor living words belonging to them. And, as for the American public, what does it, what should it care about the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Bishop Hensley Henson of Durham, or the flippant and insignificant Father Knox? What in the world have such to do with the religion of human creatures, even if its lot is to abide in the ecclesiastical province of Canterbury or York? It is otherwise, of course, with Gore and Inge and W. E. Orchard. They at least have succeeded in sending out from the pulpit a challenge to the modern man and woman. And so also have the two in this company who move Mr. Begbie to something like intelligent enthusiasm. Those readers who connect the author's name chiefly with facile excursions into the evangelism of the Salvation Army will note with curiosity that here, in the book which he is certainly anxious for us to accept as a mature contribution, Mr. Begbie's full admiration goes out only towards Dr. L. P. Jacks, the mystical rationalist who presides over the Unitarian college at Oxford, and Maude Royden, the one woman in England today who exercises a power from the Christian pulpit. And of her especial quality, it may be noted, American audiences will have an opportunity to judge during the coming winter.

Mr. Begbie, needless to say, sums up in the solemn terms of the lay missioner. His is a simple enough conclusion. The Church in our time has lamentably and comprehensively failed. As an organic spiritual force it is apparently finished. But "the spiritual alone is real," and that truth, whatever it may portend, mankind is discovering afresh, far and variously outside the Church. Well, precisely this is what everybody has been saying: Edward Carpenter, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, A. E.—everybody. And yet one must confess, while brushing aside the churchmen with a vigorous gesture that is thoroughly enjoyable to most of us, that the windows of these others, though unpainted, are not extravagantly translucent.

S. K. Ratcliffe.

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Rough-Hewn

Rough-Hewn, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.00.

HER latest book shows Miss Canfield still to be romantically astigmate: once more her facts suffer through devotion to formulae. This time she hypothetizes that a typical American boy will in his manhood exhibit the vision of America's pioneers, the strength of America's resources and the fearlessness and friendliness that is the result of America's ineluctable safety. Her second and converse hypothesis is that an American girl, brought up in France under the cultural influences of the old world, will suffer; her birthright of generous idealism will be distorted by the politic European; and a mind otherwise innocent of sex will be smudged by the French whispers of servants. Judicious bits of realism and Miss Canfield's technical facility support these ably; but if she is aware that Neale, in America, escapes the nastiness of vulgarized sex only because he is tardy in becoming sex-conscious, if she is aware that Marise is likely to meet the counterpart of Mme. Vallery's diplomacy in the Ashley, Vermont, Ladies' Aid and that country life in Vermont may conceivably repeat country life in the Basques, she hints at no such possibilities in her book. When she brings Neale and Marise together at last, it is to live in a Vermont as unworldly as heaven, where Marise is to feel that her children will be safe against "coarse and evil minds" and the "mean joking of sniggering servants." It may be, since it is Vermont they are going to; but it is well they are to avoid Winesburg, Ohio.

H. G.

Rollo Redivivus

The Wonder Book of Chemistry, by Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

THE Wonder Book of Chemistry shows how elementary chemistry can be learned without a laboratory by two boys and an uncle with the aid of home-made apparatus and a courteous blacksmith—provided that the pupils are of the Rollo type, docile and inquisitive, and that the teacher is a Fabre. The experiments he uses are substantially the same as those given in any of our modern school manuals and his methods are often inferior. Yet the manual is no more than a skeleton, while Fabre makes these dry bones live. The popularity of his books suggests that our scientists may be mistaken in their endeavor to dispense with all literary art in the presentation of their subject. Fabre may have credited the wasps with too much intelligence and intuition in the stinging of their victims and so misled Bergson in his Creative Evolution, but at any rate Fabre set people to watching the wasps instead of looking at museum specimens. So with The Wonder Book of Chemistry. An American teacher may call his apparatus crude but Fabre knows how to arouse wonder and curiosity and enthusiasm and endeavor and other emotional motives that are as much needed in scientific work as anywhere.

What Fabre does is to restore the human element that is so conscientiously eliminated by our latter-day scientists. As in his entomological studies he gives us a sympathetic insight into the working of a wasp or a worm, so here he shows that chemistry is not something remote and recondite but intimately connected with our daily life, in fact, the foundation of our daily life. How we breathe and how plants grow; what chalk is made of and what sulphur is good for; the making of paper and soap and vinegar; such are what he teaches or rather shows how anybody can learn.

The book would have been better if the translator had imitated Fabre instead of verbally following his text. Where Fabre used familiar language, illustrations and tools she should have done the same rather than take over the foreign forms. An American child would be puzzled to obey when told to "get a brazier and light some charcoal" or to pour potassium chlorate "into a balloon" and to "collect the gas in a gage." Fabre follows Berzelius in calling such elements as hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur and phosphorus "metalloids" but in English that term is restricted to substances looking like metals. In discussing carbon dioxide the examples used are wine and beer which in spite of bootlegging and home-brew are unfamiliar to most American children, while soda water, their daily delight, is not mentioned at all. But such criticism is essentially saying that it needs a Fabre to translate Fabre.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON.

The Wisdom of the Beasts, by Charles Augustus Strong. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

A LITTLE book, half an inch thick, and in it are ten short fables. In it eagles talk to bullets, moles to nightingales, a haughty lamb converses with its mother, and Achilles overtakes the tortoise. Beasts like these we have met before, and a certain ingenuousness and simplicity are affected in the telling which ring familiar. Aesop, of course; but at the end of every fable of Aesop, where the dullest little scholar could not fail to find it, were the moral and the application, all complete. Mr. Strong does his readers no such service in this book, in which with birds and beasts and bullets for tools he reduces to a salutary absurdity a number of current philosophical systems. He has dug his morals into the path of his fables and concealed them ably; one falls into them with laughter and stumbles out wiser than before. There is real wit in these tales, true Attic salt, and it will be a miracle if more than one tender philosophic skin does not smart with it.

D. B.

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